Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

Enter Frier with Lanthorne, Crow and Spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed, how oft to night
Haue my old feet stumbled at graues? Whoes there?
Man. Heres one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.
Fri Blisse be vpon you. Tell me good my friend
What torch is yond that vainely lends his light
To grubs and eyelesse sculles as I discerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* monument.
Man. It doth so holy sir, & theres my master, one that you (loue.
Fri. Who is it?
Man. Romeo.
Fri. How long hath he bin there?
Man. Full halfe an houre.
Fri. Go with me to the Vault.
Man. I dare not Sir.
My Master knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to looke on his entents.
Fri. Stay, then ile go alone, feare comes vpon me.
O much I feare some ill vnluckie thing.
Man. As I did sleepe vnder this young tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.
Fri. Romeo,
Alacke alacke, what blood is this which staines
The stony entrance of this Sepulchre?
What meane these masterlesse and goarie swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale: who else, what *Paris* too?
And steept in blood? ah what an vnkind houre
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady stirs.
Iuli. O comfortable Frier, where is my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?
Fri. I heare some noyse Lady, come from that nest Of

Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall sleepe;
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our entents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead:
And *Paris* too, come ile dispose of thee,
Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to question, for the watch is comming,
Come, go good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer stay. *Exit.*
Iuli. Go get thee hence, for I will not away,
Whats here? a cup closd in my true loues hand?
Poyson I see hath bin his timelesse end:
O churle, drinke all, and left no friendly drop
To helpe me after, I will kisse thy lips,
Happlie some poyson yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restoratiue.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Leade boy, which way?
Iuli. Yea noise? then ile be briefe. O happy dagger.
This is thy sheath, there rust and let me die. (burne.
Watch boy. This is the place, there where the torch doth
Watch. The ground is bloody, search a bout the churchyard.
Go some of you, who ere you find attach.
Pittifull sight, here lies the Countie slaine,
And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme, and newly dead:
VVho here hath laine these two dayes buried,
Go tell the prince, runne to the *Capulets*.
Raise vp the *Mountagues*, some others search,
VVe see the ground whereon these woes do lye,
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter Romeos man.

Watch. Heres *Romeos* man, we found him in the Churchyard.
Chiefe watch. Hold him in safetie, till the Priuce come hither.

Enter Frier, and another Watchman.

3. *Watch.* Here is a Frier that trembles, sighes, and weepes,
We